

THE INTELLIGENCER.

Published Daily, Except Sunday, by
Intelligencer Publishing Co.,
23 and 27 Fourteenth street.

JOHN FREW, Pres. and Bus. Manager.

Terms: Per Year, by Mail, in Advance,
Postage Prepaid.

Daily (8 Days Per Week) 1 Year—\$6.00
Daily, Six Months—3.00
Daily, Three Months—1.50
Daily, Two Days Per Week—2.00
Daily, One Month—2.00
Weekly, One Year, in Advance—1.00
Weekly, Six Months—60

THE DAILY INTELLIGENCER is delivered by carriers in Wheeling and adjacent towns at 10 cents per week.

Persons wishing to subscribe to THE DAILY INTELLIGENCER can do so by sending in their orders to the Intelligencer office on postal cards or otherwise. They will be punctually served by carriers.

Tributes of Respect and Obituary Notices 50 cents per inch.
Correspondence containing important news solicited from every part of the surrounding country.
Related communications will not be returned unless accompanied by sufficient postage.

(The INTELLIGENCER, embracing its several editions, is entered in the Post-office at Wheeling, W. Va., as second-class matter.)

TELEPHONE NUMBERS:
Editorial Rooms—523; Counting Room—572

THE INTELLIGENCER.

WHEELING, DECEMBER 11, 1899.

The Kentucky Decision.

The action of the Kentucky election officials in awarding the certificates to the Republican candidates is exploited by the Democratic press as an unusual act of virtue on their part. They make much of the fact that the officials performed what was their plain duty, and it would appear from the tenor of the aforesaid Democratic press, and their insistence in holding up to the admiring gaze of the country this lonely act of simple justice, the election officials of Kentucky assumed a virtue they did not possess. In other words, they were compelled to perform a righteous act against their will. However much credit is due the election boards and courts of Kentucky for doing that which was right, the prominence given their actions seeks to distract the attention of the public from the attempted crime of Goebel and his coparceners in an infamy without a parallel in the rather odorous history of corrupt election methods of the country.

The conspiracy that was defeated at the polls has its inception in the vicious election law which Goebel stood sponsor for, and which he railroaded through a Democratic legislature, not, however, without the earnest protests of a number of honorable minded editors of the "Blue Grass" state, notably the Louisville Courier Journal, which denounced the law as a blot of infamy on the statute books. Having been instrumental in securing the passage of this outrageously partisan measure, Mr. Goebel sought to be the sole beneficiary of that act. Not being able to gain the nomination for governor by honest methods he accomplished his purpose by siphoning it from an unwilling body of men. A large portion of the fair-minded Democracy of Kentucky resented the methods employed by Goebel and combining with the Republicans defected the conspirator at the polls. Every known subterfuge and technicality was employed by Goebel to defeat the expressed will of the people. There was no infamy so deep that he could not touch the bottom and drag forth the dregs of the settlements of the most ingenious iniquity. Those Democrats who supported him in his nefarious schemes were of that faction closely allied to Bryan. The attempt of this horde of political burglars to steal the governorship of Kentucky has not been equalled for bare-faced theft in the history of states. The intention still rests as a stain on the Democratic party of Kentucky. That the conspiracy did not succeed was not owing to any particular virtue possessed by the Democratic officials and courts of Kentucky, but simply to the administration of justice which ought to be expected and demanded of all such officials. Commendation for the mere performance of a palpable duty is poor praise, and the Democratic press in heralding their action as a remarkable working of the honesty of human judgment but thinly veils the underlying feeling of surprise that they were capable of an honest expression of their minds. In fact it appears as an apology to the country for doing right.

Trusts and Trusts.

The Boston Post, a Democratic journal, in a half-hearted way commends President McKinley's treatment of trusts in his message, but objects to his discrimination between good and bad industrial combinations, which is as much as to say there are no good trusts. In commenting on this contention the Washington Post very aptly says: "Nothing is more harmful to a state than indiscriminate legislative assaults on corporations. That reckless warfare on capital has wrought serious injury to a number of commonwealths. Although the courts may be depended on to annul legislation that is violative of fundamental law, time and money are required for the litigation that such acts necessitate. Meanwhile, menaced capital betakes itself to a more congenial environment. A study of granger and Populist assaults on enterprise is quite sufficient to show the importance of a wise and just discrimination between what is injurious and what is useful and necessary in business operations. And who is prepared to assert that all trade combines in all their methods are violating either economic, statutory, fundamental or moral law? To reduce the cost of production by dispensing with superfluities is as defensible as the substitution of the machine for the man. Each of the two methods restricts trade because it prevents men from selling their labor. But legislation against either would be futile."

The Boston Post boldly asserts "there are no good trusts," and then goes on to say that "every combination to con-

trol production, to regulate prices, to bring excessive profit to the few at the cost of the many, is bad because it is unnatural—because it robs the people of a part of the fruit of their labor. Whether it is in the form of a protective tariff, a railroad pool or a telephone monopoly, it is contrary to the public welfare."

"We will cheerfully admit that," says the Washington Post, in reply, "there are no good trusts if all of them are organized and conducted to rob the many for the enrichment of the few. We are well aware that our contemporary's description fits a number of the great combines. But such trusts as make an equitable division of the reduced cost of production among the stockholders, the wage-workers and the consumers are not robbers."

A Thorn in the Flesh.

The Intelligencer some time ago called attention to the action of the southern cotton spinners at a recent meeting they held at Charlotte, N. C., in adopting resolutions endorsing the Philippine policy of the administration. It was a hard blow to anti-expansionists, and destroyed several illusions entertained by the Bryanites. It remained, however, for Senator Pettigrew to express the disgust and disappointment of the so-called anti-imperialists. The resolutions adopted by the cotton spinners declared in favor of expansion, the Nicaragua canal, a larger navy and the 'open door' policy in China. They plainly said that the south needed markets in the orient for her products. Being largely interested in one of the greatest southern industries, they favored keeping the Philippines, or any other policy that would give enlarged markets for cotton and cotton goods. Copies of these resolutions were sent to all members of Congress.

Senator Pettigrew wrote a savage rebuke to the cotton spinners. He sarcastically inquired what they knew about the Nicaragua canal. "Why should the people of the United States be taxed to construct an isthmus canal," asked Pettigrew, "or to place thousands of miles of cable in the bottom of the Pacific, or to prosecute with vigor a war in a distant country, simply that the mercenary hopes of the cotton spinners of your locality may be realized?"

The Chicago Inter Ocean characterizes this outbreak on Pettigrew's part as ridiculous, and adds:

The southern Democrats are remembering that before 1890 their party was always for expansion. Southern newspapers and commercial bodies have recorded for some time an increasing disposition to break away from Populist leadership on the question of expansion. Southern politicians have perceived this tendency, but have hoped to be able to pursue an opportunistic policy, to change front gradually and to avoid a present rupture with their Populist allies. Pettigrew's hectoring tends to force the issue to a manner decidedly unpleasant to many southern members of Congress. Their constituents are calling upon them to declare themselves whether they are for or against the best interests of the south. Many southern congressmen doubtless wish that Pettigrew would go to the Bad Lands of Dakota and stay there.

British Brutality.

War at its best and there is no comparative good in it—is not a picnic. The dress parade and review are but symbols of power, but the frightful realities of armed conflict were best described by the late General Sherman in the tersest term, as "hell." It is a dignified and comprehensive definition, with no relative profane significance of expression. In going into battle men lose their humanity. They are the automatons of a frenzy or a fear. Their object is to kill. Brutally put, that is what they are paid for. In close quarters it is either kill or be killed, and it is not surprising that we hear of some acts that strike us, who are far removed from the uncontrollable excitement of the field, as particularly revolting. What the ever-ready critic would do under the same circumstances never occurs to him. He deprecates what some one else has done whose feelings and indolence he has never experienced. How, then, can he be a just judge?

There is much talk of "civilized warfare," but in the final accounting war is war. By strategy or legalized murder each side strives for the victory. But for all this there is supposed to be an ethical side of war, and judging by such a standard we fear the British troops in South Africa are open to condemnation for revengeful barbarities alleged to have been practiced. During the operations of the American army in Cuba we complained of the Spanish sharpshooters firing on Red Cross ambulances and those who were succoring the wounded on the field of battle. Therefore how can we refrain from raising a protest against the action of the British Lancers at Elands-laagte? According to reports their conduct towards defenseless Boers was the very refinement of brutality. These rumors were aggravated by the cruelly boastful letter said to have been written by a Lancer, who related: "One Boer begged me hard to spare him, but my answer was, 'You——! Here's your mercy!' I shot him dead and did not take the trouble to lance him. No doubt you will think this cruel, but if you had seen as much of them as I have you would not. I saw plenty in Johannesburg before the war began."

An eye-witness adds to this testimony of cruelty in writing from Ladysmith: "It was a sight to see the Lancers charge. When they got within one hundred yards the Boers threw up their arms and begged for mercy. They jumped off their horses and got on their knees and prayed for mercy."

These are matters which the British war office does not publish in the official bulletins, but coming as they do with such circumstantiality of detail from participants and boasters they must be given credence until they are denied. It is a painful picture of blood and revenge, and for the sake and honor of the Anglo-Saxon race is to be deplored.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Party lines are usually drawn at campaign poetry.
The stage door frequently leads to the divorce court.
Wise is the man who derives happiness from his delusions.
It is human nature to attribute the success of others to chance.
After observing the antics of some folks the theory that man descended

from the monkey doesn't seem so ridiculous.

The goodness of our intentions never excuses the badness of our actions.

The magazine poet may be equal to his task, but few of his readers are. It takes nine tailors to make a man, how many duds can one tailor turn out?

Some men who pay their bills promptly want considerable credit for it later on.

A first-class bookkeeper is one who can keep the books away from middle-class creditors.

Suspicion sometimes makes a square meal on jealousy—and finds there is nothing left for dessert.

A western clergyman denounces Sunday funerals. Most people are in favor of postponing them indefinitely.

One way to prevent your hair from turning gray is to cut it off, wrap it up carefully in tissue paper and place in the bottom of your trunk—Chicago Daily News.

"BILLY" AND "BRUIN"

The Fight Was a Draw, While the Bear Was Badly Disfigured—He Hugged All the Fight Out of the Goat.

New York Sun: "It has always been my lot," said the man with the sandy whiskers, addressing the other members of the club, "to witness fights and struggles of every sort, kind and description. My presence seems to inspire in all creatures of the lower kingdom the desire to engage one another in mortal combat. If I stop to look at a cage of monkeys they show signs of enmity toward one another and soon a glorious free-for-all fight occurs."

"You know I used to travel around quite some before I took to hitting the bowl, and when I was in the Rockies I saw some pretty fierce scraps. The worst I ever saw was between a goat and a bear. You think the goat didn't have a show, eh? Well, there is a difference in goats. The animal of which I am speaking was a devil. He belonged to a fellow whose name was Mike, and Mike was the only one who could come within four yards of him. I never saw any living creature so full of aggressiveness and fight. He looked for trouble with his feet. His horns were his strongest weapons, and any low-down tactics that he didn't have at hoof's ends aren't worth learning. He had a record of smashing every fence within a radius of ten miles, and every child in the place had at some time been momentarily deprived of his wind at the horns of the beast."

"One day the brute disappeared. He could not be found anywhere in the village. The joy of the children was great, but Mike set great store by Billy in spite of his pugnacious nature. He came to the conclusion that he had taken to the woods and suggested that I should accompany him on a searching expedition. There was nothing to do in the village but to play pool on a table that was about as level as a duck's back, so I allowed that I would like to go along. We set out the next morning at about 5 o'clock, and when we had gone about five miles into the woods we saw Billy chewing up some bushes."

"Mike went after him with a rope and the firm intention of tying him to a tree and throwing a few things into his waywardness. Mike was advancing cautiously, when he suddenly gave a yell and skipped up a tree like an ape. I looked up and saw a large grizzly bear coming straight for us. I made a dash for the tree next Mike's, and then we found time to cuss at each other for not having brought a gun with us."

"The bear saw the goat and made straight for him. But Bill scented danger. His nose quivered and his beard grew stiff, and we knew that there was going to be trouble. Bruin adopted his usual tactics and advanced on his hind legs. But Bill was not the goat to be scared by a thing like that, and he gathered himself together and charged. There was a mix-up of goat and bear, and Bill emerged from the bunch with a triumphant gleam in his eyes. But he had several things to learn yet. As soon as the bear regained his wind he was up and willing, and he charged like a steam engine. Billy dodged, but when he got away there was a goodly part of his flank in the bear's claws. Both animals were now thoroughly enraged and each was careful. They circled around until Mr. Bruin could think of nothing better to do than to repeat his hind leg act. But this again proved to be his downfall. Billy advanced with a dancing approach, and delivered a fierce butt and belly blow. The bear went down and this time Billy improved his time."

"While Bruin was recovering his wind the second time Billy jumped about a yard in the air and landed squarely on the bear's side with his legs rigid. If he had been a little heavier he would have finished his opponent right there. But he wasn't, and his triumph was short-lived. The bear arose and once more returned to the charge. This time he was out for blood. He went for Billy and Billy went for him."

"In spite of great generalship Billy found himself within the bear's hug, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have no much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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Flat Work, Washed and Ironed, 5 cents per pound.
All hand work finished 10 cents per pound. At LUTZ BROS' Home Steam Laundry.

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Free. Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay cost of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for book bound in paper, or 31 stamps for cloth binding. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

Every girl thinks some man thinks she is a riddle.

When a woman gets a cat that is a good mouse catcher she likes it so well that she feeds it so much it quits.

After a man has kept company with a girl for three years without their getting married, he begins to look like an old minstrel joke.

If Gabriel blows his trumpet before 9 o'clock in the morning, half of the women will be so mad they will never speak to him again in heaven.

Whenever there is a man run over on the street the second person to get there is generally a policeman. The first is always a woman with a baby carriage.—New York Press.

PASSING PLEASANTRIES.

Awful Silence.—Perkins—How very quiet it is here, Miss "Arrington!" The Lady—Yes, dreadfully; one might almost hear an 'n' drop!—Tit-Bits.

He—Is your husband laying anything up for a rainy day, my good woman? She—No, sir; but he's saving up to buy a snow-shovel.—Yonkers Statesman.

Little Elmer—Pa, what is brute force? Pa—It's something Boston poets call to their aid when they make banner rhyme with hosanna.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Incriminating Evidence.—"I suspect that our new bookkeeper is a retired actor." "Does he strike theatrical attitudes?" "No, but he says 'egad' when he means 'gosh.'—Chicago Record.

Neighborhood Ties.—"The telephone is a great social factor!" "That's so. We haven't had called on those people next door at all if we hadn't wanted to use their telephone."—Chicago Record.

His Choice.—Bobby (doing his Christmas shopping)—I would like to buy a bottle of 'fumery for mamma. Clerk—All right, my boy! What odor do you prefer? Bobby—Oh, I think—I think—gingerbread!—Puck.

"Ah!" said the good old lady who was visiting the prisoners: "how your poor wife must weep as she thinks of you here." "Which one, ma'am?" asked the convict addressed; "I'm up for bigamy."—Philadelphia Record.

Aristocracy.—Mrs. Parvenu—They have traced their family crest back to the time of the Conqueror. Mr. Parvenu—I can't see what advantage that is! Crests certainly cost more money now than they did then!—Puck.

Judicious Failures.—Mrs. Ikenstein—Velcome home, mein wandering boy! Ikey Ikenstein—Dank! mamma; but first tell me how is papa? Mrs. Ikenstein—Falling rapidly, Ikey, falling rapidly!—dot is, as he can't without cutting der suspicions of his creditors.—Judge.

His Excuse.—"Listen to reason, m' dear," he explained, "listen to reason. I walk—hold up on m'—hic—way home." "Hold up!" she cried angrily, "I don't doubt it! If you hadn't been held up or carried you wouldn't be here even now."—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Cake-Walk Big.

"Gilt yo' self a starry vest,
A crimson opera tie;
A ho' shoe shirt will look de best,
With flashy tie in style.
An' a' cake coat yo' next decide,
With peary buttons fine;
Allow de flaps to open wide
An' show de satin line.
Cho'se yo' pantaloons wid skill,
An' choose a showy pair;
A ten-inch check across de twill
Will make de people stare.
Patent ladders green at top,
Wid strings of showy white;
Stockin's loud enough to stop
An express in de night.
Now yo' pantaloons ray,
Grab yo' mammoth cane;
Cho'se yo' lady, walk away
An' win dat cake again."
—Chicago News.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have no much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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COFFEE.

See what Happens!
Listen to a child story:
MARTY:—"Did you say your prayers last night?"
ALICE:—"Yes."
MARTY:—"Well, I didn't, and I'm not going to say 'em to-night. Not to-morrow night! Not the next night! I'm going to stop now for five nights and if nothing happens to me, then I'm never going to say 'em any more."
This is the way children reason;—and some grown-up people, too! They are all right because "nothing happens!"
Now you probably drink coffee. How can we make you realize what you are losing in not trying

CHASE & SANBORN'S "High Grade" COFFEE.

Nothing happens to you if you don't use it! So it is hard to get you started.

But something happens if you once try a cup! You find the grocer delivers it in an imported, air-tight, parchment-lined bag. You wonder about this. But when you taste the coffee you get a hint. This coffee is only roasted on order; it is then hermetically sealed as it comes from the roaster; it is packed under the Chase & Sanborn Seal warranted trade-mark, and is guaranteed to be the highest quality. Try it just once.

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A comedy on a subject of interest to all. Rewritten and up-to-date. Prices—25c, 50c, 75c and \$1.00. Reserved seat sale opens Saturday morning at 9 o'clock at the Opera House box office.

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300 Booming Nights in New York. All Paris, London and Berlin Flocked to See it. Act 1st outlines a droll story. Act 2d is deft, daring and dainty. Act 3d is screamingly funny, and startling in its comic situations. The piquancy and dash of the Comedie Francaise and Palais Royal interpreted by skilled American artists who possess the true French finesse.

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